

WHOLE NUMBER 7.779

HISTORICAL NOTES

Printed by JAMES C. SWAY.

First Water Mill on Rhode Island,
1938, it was ordered that John
ter, and John Sanford shall treat
to Mr. Nicholas Ewston, and shall
y agree with him in allowing of him
sical accommodations for four cows
planting ground as they shall think
per, all which is for the settling up
"water mill" which the said Mr.
on hath undertaken to build for the
sary use and good of the Planta-
ry. And further it is granted, to the
Mr. Ewston, that he shall have lib-
erty to fill and carry away any such
ber that shall be of necessary use
the present buildings of the mill,
is located on the river, a little west
where the jail now stands.

the early morning of one of the earliest and probably shortest days in that year, a strange noise, not wholly unexpected, however, was heard in one of the houses of the little colony of New Bedford. It was the call of one who some time afterwards was identified as Mary Hays, whose first effort, after her passage into the world, was, to make her presence known: she was the first person sex that had thus appeared. In a few years she became, so believed, one of the most excellent women ever raised in the colony, and after passing through the various phases of existence, not with the usual amount of suffering now incident to life as it is then known, and the subject of

The First Male Baby.
Matthew Borden, son of Richard Borden and Joan his wife, was born in Portsmouth, in June 1838; we have no account of his prowess in youth or more mature age, but suppose that in a few first hours, he, like Mary Godfrey, indulged in wails, but of a more stentorian character.

William Baulston, in 1638 was authorized to set up a House of entertainment for strangers, and also to brew beer, and sell wine and strong waters. He was one of the first settlers.

The First Dwelling House.

In 1639, Nicholas Easton built the first dwelling house in Newport, it stood nearly opposite the Friends meeting house, Farwell street.

Was built in 1830, it was of one story, 10, and a pair of stocks and a whipping post were also ordered to be set in some convenient place.

The First Baptist Church.
Under the guidance of Rev. John Burke, commenced operations in Portsmouth, in 1833 where its first meetings were held, but soon afterwards they were held in Newport, and the church

The First Printing Press.
Was set up by Stephen Daye, in Cambridge, Mass., in 1639, and the first book issued was a metrical version of the Psalms, called "The Bay Psalm Book," and later on, known as "The New England Psalm Book" printed in 1640.

ordered to provide themselves with a prison within nine months, and in 1680, when all the guns in the colony shall be in good repair, and all Smith's to pay aside all excuses until the whole was repaired, under a penalty of ten pounds for each refusal.

The First Yearly Meeting of Friends, and probably the first in America, was held in the house of William Codding-

The First and the Greatest Ontrage.
Mary Dyre of Newport, one of the people called Quakers was publicly hanged in Boston June 1st, 1693, simply for her religious belief.

The First Indian Bible.
The first edition of Elliot's Indian Bible was published in Cambridge, Mass., in 1661-63, it was also the first Bible published in America.

The people of Newport, and in fact of all New England, were surprised by the appearance of a very large comet which continued from the 17th of Nov. 1844, until the 4th of February following. At first it appeared in the east; bearded, afterwards in the west with a tail. It was the general opinion that comets were omens of great evils.

The First Hanging.
In 1670, Thomas Ploumder was hanged for the murder of Walter House, both residents of Narragansett.

The First Sabbatarian Church.
In 1671, the Sabbatarian church which stood on Barney street, Newport

The First Court Martial.
By order of which, in 1877, four Indians were condemned and hanged, crime not stated.

The First Hanged in Chains.
In 1870-80 Peter Pylatt, a negro, was hanged for the crime of rape, after which his body was hung in chains on

Mr. Geo. C. Shaw, executive officer of the Board of Health, has been confined to the house this week with an attack of malaria.

am and Mr. Frank E. Manchester will
speak at the First M. E. Church Thurs-
day evening.

The Church Choir Guild Festival
will be held at Zabriske Memorial
Church Thursday evening.

Miss Mary Lake, who has been visit-

Miss Maud Steele is visiting friends

FROM WALL STREET
TO NEWGATE.

By AUSTIN BIDWELL.

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CHAPTER XIII.

The first day was over, but it seemed to me that something more must come; that what I had gone through could mean the life of a day must surely be impossible. Was there nothing before me but isolation so complete that no whisper from the outside world could reach me—that world which, compared with the death into which I was being absorbed, seemed the only world of the living?

Had I actually nothing to look for but the most repulsive work under the most repulsive conditions? I said there must be some change; that something new and forever was not the doom of any man and could certainly not be mine.

I looked about my little cell, the stillness of the grave without, the utter solitude within. The untouched ration which formed my supper was on the table—eight ounces of black bread. Try as I might to cheat myself with hope I knew that hope for many a long year there was none; that, so far as the most invidious sentence could compass it, for many a long year the earth with her bars was about me.

No "De profundis" cry could ever ascend from the abyss to the bottom of which I had fallen. What was outside of me had nothing but the hideous.

But although the visible seemed corruption and the things which my soul and body, too, had refused to touch were become my sorrowful meat, yet I could not but feel that the invisible, that part of me which no bars could hold and no man deprive me of, was still my own, and that in it I might and would find sufficient to support what I began to feel was, after all, the only man.

To face the actualities of the position was the first thing; not to cheat myself, the second. I had seen the sort of men I was to be with. I set to work to study and to understand the kind of life we were to live together.

At early dawn we rose, receiving immediately after the nine ounces of bread

and pint of oatmeal gruel which composed breakfast; at 8:30 to chapel to hear one of the schoolmaster's drons through the morning prayers of the English church service and listen to some hymn shouted out from throats never accustomed to such accents. Then the morning hours would drag slowly on in the summer's sun and winter's blast until the noon hour; then there was the long march back from the scene of my toil to the prison for dinner. Arriving there, each man went to his cell, closing his door, which snapped to, having a spring lock. Soon after a dinner is given, consisting of 16 ounces of boiled potatoes and five ounces of bread, varied on three days of the week with five ounces of meat additional. At 1 o'clock the doors were unlocked, and we marched out to our work again. At night, returning to the prison, eight ounces of black bread would be doled out for supper. Then came the hours between supper and bedtime, when, shut in between those narrow walls, one realized what it was to be a prisoner.

In the corner of the cell there was a board laid into the stonework that served as bed, table and chair. There was a thin pallet and two blankets rolled up together during the day in a corner of the cell that served for bedding, but so thin and hard was the pallet that one might almost as well have slept on the board. For the first few weeks this bed made my bones ache. Most men have little patience and small fortitude, and this bed killed many of the prisoners—I mean breaks their hearts simply because they have not the wit to accept the matter philosophically and realize that they can soon become used to any hardship. It took six months for my bones to become used to the hard bed, but for the next 19 years I used to sleep as sweetly on that creaking board as I ever did or now do in a bed of down, only, like Jean Valjean in "Les Misérables," I had become so used to it that upon my liberation I found it impossible for a time to sleep in a bed.

I have related how the Sunday after my sentence in my despair I took the little Bible off the shelf. The other books I had at Chatham besides the Bible were a dictionary and "The Life of the Prophet Jeremiah." Once, soon after my arrival in Chatham, I took the Jeremiah down from the shelf, but speedily put it back and made a vow never to take it down again, and I never did. It remained in view on the little shelf for 19 years while I sat there watching it rot away. The dictionary is a good book, but grows tiresome at times.

I thought in my enthusiasm I should never tire of the Bible, but after 10 or 12 years I began to grow weary of it and grew hungry for other mental food. I wanted Shakespeare, for with him to keep me company I could no longer be in the desolation of solitude. At last I determined to get my friends to try for me. I had learned the Bible almost by heart. The smallest incidents in the life of the Prophet Jeremiah were much more familiar to me than the history of the civil war, and Ananias took on proportions which made it as real as New York and far more important. The desperate efforts I had made to keep myself from falling into the condition of so many I had seen drooping to idleness and death were, I felt, successful, and any occupation which kept alive the intellect could not but be beneficial. I was hungry, starving, for mental food. Never had books appeared so attractive, never was knowledge so cheerfully offered for a home as I would have offered mine for an ocean. My friends had written for me to the government, but with no success. At last they had interested the American minister in London, who promised to write to the home secretary for me, but a year had slipped by, and I had heard nothing.

Jeremiah continued with me, and it seemed to me to remain with me to the end. But a change was coming.

Can I ever forget the day it happened? Can I ever cease to remember the delight, the incredulity, the astonishment of that happy day? I had come in

at night hungry, cold, wet and miserable. I made my way a little depressed to my cell. As I was about to step across the threshold I saw a book lying on my little wooden bed. Amazed and astounded, I hesitated to enter. Small as such a circumstance appears, the very sight of the book brought on a weakness. I feared to pick it up; a horrible dread seized me that it might be a new Bible, and I was unwilling to risk another disappointment. The footprint on the sand was not more suggestive nor more awe inspiring to Robinson Crusoe than the appearance of that book was to me. In mood as lonely, in plight as desperate as his, there lay before me a sight as unlooked for and, as it seemed, as full of meaning as the footprint was to Robinson.

At last I pulled myself together, determined to end the suspense and know what was before me. I picked up the book, and when I understood the delight, the joy, the rapture even, with which I read on the title page, "The Works of William Shakespeare." In an instant I became a new man. If ever one human being felt gratitude to another, I felt it at that moment for the American minister. To him I owed it that henceforth a new light was to stream through the faded glass of my window, that henceforth a new world was opened up for me to live in, and the world seemed lighter to me. Many a month and year afterward my cell was filled and my heart cheered by the multitude of friends the divine William provided for me.

About the time I received my Shakespeare another piece of happy fortune befell me. A smallpox scare was existing outside, and all hands in the prison were ordered to be vaccinated. When the doctor came around a few days afterward to examine the effects of the operation, he found my arm so swollen that he directed me to be taken to the hospital.

For 25 days I had full opportunity to learn what the girl in Dickens' "Little Dorrit" meant when she called the hospital a "heavenly" place. It was the first time I had ever been admitted, and the change from the horrible mudhole to the rest and comfort of a cell in the hospital was indeed almost "heavenly."

With nothing to do but to read my Shakespeare, the cravings of hunger for the first time since my imprisonment satisfied, I was tempted to believe—I did partly believe—that the world had few positions pleasanter than mine.

Godliness with contentment is undoubtedly great gain. Contentment alone without the godliness is no poor thing, and was I not content? Now, indeed of all the thousands who have toiled in that torturing prison house have ever been or are likely ever to be so content as I was.

How true it is that happiness is altogether relative, and that it is divided much more evenly among men than we are willing to believe! A mere respite from an intolerable position, a single book to keep the mind from cracking, transformed gloom and misery into light and at least comparative happiness.

After a time I began to watch the effect of the unnatural life upon others. They arrived full of resolution, buoyed often by hopes which they were soon destined to find delusive. The short time men, those with seven or ten year sentences, could face the prospect hopefully. To them the day would come when the prison gate must swing back and the path to the world be open once more. But no such hope cheers the long timers, the men with 20 years and life, who quickly learn how great the proportion is of their number who find relief only in the box smeared with black which inoculates what is left of them in the grave. Every day I used to see the effects on them of hunger and torment of mind. The first part visibly affected was the neck. The flesh shrinks, disappears and leaves what looks like two artificial props to support the head. As time wears on the erect posture grows bent. Instead of standing up straight the knees bulge outward as though unable to support the body's weight, and the man drags himself along in a kind of despondent shuffle.

Another year or two, and his shoulders are bent forward. He carries his arms habitually before him now; he has grown moody, seldom speaks to any one nor answers if spoken to. In the general deterioration of the body the mind keeps equal step, and so unfeeling is the effect that even warders wait to see it and remark to each other that so-and-so is "going off." When the sufferer begins to carry his arms in front, every one understands that the end is coming. The projecting head, the sunken eye, the fixed, expressionless features are merely the outward exponents of the hopeless, smitten brooding within. Sometimes the man merely keeps on in that way, wasting more and more, body and mind, every day until at last he drops and is carried into the infirmary to come out no more.

During all these years I never saw my companions. Mac had been sent to Portland, Noyes to Portsmouth and George to Dartmoor.

After 1858 strenuous efforts were made for our release.

My sister came to England that year and remained permanently there. She worked bravely and well, but year after year passed without result. None of us was prepared for the vindictive fury of the Bank of England. Its power was all potent with the government. George had been bedridden for years and was slowly dying. At length in 1857 the medical officer of the prison certified his speedy death was certain, and the government released him to die, but he refused that he would not die until I was free. With liberty and hope health came slowly back, and he devoted every hour to working for my liberation, but for a time he devoted it in vain. More than once I had seen the prison emptied and filled again. Of all the life prisoners I had met there on my arrival or who for years after had joined me I was the sole survivor.

One by one sickness or insanity born of despair had laid them in the prison graveyard or buried them in the asylum. Out of more than 100 men had lived to be liberated, and determined appeared the Bank of England directors that I should not form an exception, but that if ever the prison doors were opened to me it should be only when so near death that I might join the many who had

gone before.

My fate seemed inevitable, but never for a moment did I cease to believe that fortune's frowns would one day disappear and that I should yet again feel the warmth and sunshine of her smile. From his sickbed and in his health George never ceased his efforts. He succeeded in interesting James Russell Lowell and many others in my behalf. The president asked the English government officially to grant my release. Mr. Blaine, the secretary of state, sent a very strong letter through Minister Lincoln, in London, and I thought when told of it that my day to go was not far away.

It will interest Americans, perhaps, to learn that the representations of the president and of the secretary of state of the United States met the same courtesy as was shown to all the previous ones. Still my brother was not discouraged. He sent agents to England, who managed to interest the newspapers in the matter, and never did he cease until by the statements of the press upon the fecundity of my treatment, the reproaches of my friends and the representations of many I had never seen the home secretary felt the pressure and was forced to order my release.

"Thou shalt forget thy misery and remember it as waters that pass away."

Twenty years had passed away since I had had my friends goodbye under the Old Bailey, and now 1878 had come. It was a frosty February night, and I was alone in that little room, with its arched roof and stone floor. It was past 7 o'clock, and the prison gloom and stillness had settled down on all the inmates, when suddenly there came the noise of hurrying feet that echoed

strongly from the arched roof as the warders tramped loudly on the stone floor of the long hall. A rush of feet, or indeed anything that broke the horrible stillness at that hour, was startling. They were the feet of the reserve guard, which was never called in save when the patrol who glided around the corridors in slippers had discovered some suicide. Many a heartbroken man had I known in that 20 years who in his despair ended his misery thus.

While wondering who the unfortunate could be I heard their steps mounting the stairway leading to my landing, and then a sudden thrill shot through me as they turned down the corridor toward my cell. My heart stood still as I thought, Can they be coming for me? I had a sudden frenzy of fear that they might pass my door; but, no, they came straight on, halted, and Ross, a prison-



"You're free!"

pal officer—I had known him 20 years—gave a thundering rap on my door and shouted, "I want you." Then a key rattled in the lock, the door was thrown open and three friendly faces looked in. Faint, deadly white, trembling like a frightened child, I started to my feet, trying to speak, but no sound came from my lips for a moment. At last I stammered, "What's the matter?" Ross thrust his form through the door, and with face close to mine he said the thrilling words, "You're free!" I cried, "I don't believe you," and Ross said, "Come on, my boy; it's all right."

Like one in a dream I passed out through the door of that little cell whose grim, narrow walls had frowned on me for a score of years and had in vain tried to crush my spirit.

Still like one in a dream I went down that long hall, listening only to the strange sound of my own footsteps and saying to myself: "It is all a dream. I shall awake, as I have from thousands of like dreams, and find myself again in my dungeon."

I was led into the outer office, where some papers were read to me and then others given me to sign, but I listened or signed like one in a maze. Suddenly I saw Ross thrust the key into the outer door. That roused me, and the thought flashed into my mind, Now I shall see a star.

The heavy door rolled on its hinges; the ponderous gate was flung back. Stepping out, I intuitively looked up, and a sudden awe fell upon me, for there, like a revelation, shone the milky way with its millioned arch of radiant stars. At the sight of that miracle to glory my heart beat fast. I realized that I was free, with health and strength, with courage to begin again the battle of life, and in my irrepressible emotion I cried aloud—and my cry was like a prayer—"God is good!"

THE END

The Fight Which Is to Come.
The fate of the civilized world had always hung upon the strength of the Aryan nations to repel the attempts of Asiatics to force their way into Europe and to flood the western world with oriental ideas and habits, modes of government and forms of religion. The struggles of Greece with Persia and of Rome with Carthage, the struggles of Greeks, Romans and Teutons with the Saracens; the conflicts, extending to our own times, with the Turks, were but so many acts in one long drama, of which the earliest scenes are to be found in the pages of Herodotus, and the latest might be studied in the telegrams of the daily newspaper—"Life of Freeman, Dean of Westminster."

But had a very red face and terrible

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

POOR BOBOLINKI

Barbarous Treatment of a Song Bird by the Scrappie Fathers.

Philadelphia is the only city in the world where the redbird can be found in a state of overrunning obesity, and the only place where it can be cooked to perfection. In New York the French cooks conceal its delicate toothsome in rich dressing. There they know as little about redbirds as they do about terrapin, scrapple and pepper pot. There was given in this city one dinner in which redbirds were served in 18 different forms. Among the courses were soup made from redbirds, redbirds stuffed with Blue Point oysters, redbirds placed inside a hollowed potato and roasted, redbirds stuffed with herb filling and baked, redbirds stewed with fresh mushrooms, redbirds split and broiled—an admirable practice, by the way; redbirds sauté, and a seeming pie, from which, when the crust was lifted, two dozen redbirds flew forth and around the room.

But, after all, there is only one way to cook and eat the excellent redbirds—sauté! Select birds which have little clumps of yellow fat on both sides of the part last over the fence. Place them in a saucepan—or, better still, a chafing dish—with plenty of the best butter, salt, black pepper, and a plentiful sprinkling of paprika—the sweet Hungarian pepper which nowadays can be found in any first class grocery. They must not be split and their heads must not be removed. Cook them for five or six minutes, according to the size of the bird and the heat of the fire, but do not allow the yellow fat to become browned. Nothing could be simpler, and yet few, very few, cooks can prepare the redbird without destroying its toothsome.

There is an art also in the eating of the dainties, but it can only be applied to birds of the character and prepared in the manner described above. Wring off the head and sink your teeth into and absorb the brains. Then hold the little darling aloft by the protruding bones of both legs, and slipping him into a watering mouth crunch your way through his carcass until not a bit of him remains but the leg bones. Then cast your eyes above and say grace. That's eating redbirds, that is—Philadelphia Times.

JOSEPHINE WAS MERCIFUL.

She Tried to Prevent the Execution of the Duc d'Angoulême.
Mme. Bonaparte learned with intense sorrow of the determination taken by her husband. In the main his measures and his convictions had been kept a secret, but she confided both to Mme. De Remusat, and the first consul himself had told them to Joseph. On the 20th the decree for the duke's imprisonment and trial was dictated by the first consul from the Tuilleries, and in the early afternoon he returned to Malmaison, where at 3 o'clock Joseph found him strolling in the park, conversing with his aide, "The afraid of this cripple," was Josephine's greeting to her brother-in-law. "Interrupt this long talk if you can."

The mediation of the elder brother was kindly and skillful, and for a time the first consul seemed softened by the memories of his own and his brother's boyhood, among which came and went the figure of the Prince of Conde. But other feelings prevailed. The brothers had differed about Lucien's marriage and the question of descent if the consular power should become hereditary. The old coolness finally settled down and chilled the last hopes in the tender hearted advocates for clemency. To Josephine's fearful entreaties for mercy her husband replied: "Go away. You're a child. You don't understand public duties." By 6 it was known that the duke had arrived at Vincennes, and at once Savary was dispatched to the city for orders from Murat, the military commander. On his arrival at Murat's office, from which Talleyrand was in the very act of departing, he was informed that the court martial was already convened, and that it would be his duty to guard the prisoner and execute whatever sentence was passed. "Life of Napoleon," by Professor William M. Sloane, in Century.

It Worked.
"I beg your pardon, lady," said Traveling Tommy as he stopped at the back door, "but if you will just smile I'll take your picture with this camera. I am traveling on foot, making a collection of photos of our beautiful American women. Thanks, I have it."

Then the good woman offered him a generous hand out, which he accepted with the grace of a true knight of the road.

"You see," he explained to Willie Altheville, "it didn't take me work at all to paint that cigar box black and cut a round hole in the end, but it fetches 'em every time. They think it's a photograph taker, and their picture goes in the collection. Make one and cultivate your manners, and you can live like a prince."—Philadelphia Call.

When a buyer declared that he "paid cash right on the nail and thereby nailed a great bargain," what kind of a nail did he refer to?

What is meant by a doornail and the expression, "Dead as a doornail?"—Hardware.

"LYKENS VALLEY" COAL,
NOW DISCHARGING BY
GARDINER B. REYNOLDS & Co

TWO CARBOYS LYKENS VALLEY and "CORBIN" RED ASH

COAL!

Stove and Chestnut Sizes.

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Now is the time to lay in your winter supply of "Coal." We have got every thing to suit you at low summer prices. White Ash Coal in all sizes that is the very best quality mined. Lykens Valley and Red Ash Coal, clean, dry and clean of stone.

That is Why the Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are CURED.

That is Why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the severest cases of Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other blood diseases.

That is Why it cures the Tired Feeling, strengthens the nerves, gives energy in place of exhaustion.

That is Why the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla have increased year after year, until now it requires the largest laboratories in the world.

That is Why

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Is the Only True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye today.

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Hood's Pills, Hood's Sarsaparilla, 25c.

What is

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Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. O. Osborn,
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Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphia, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. P. KINCORNER,
Conway, Ark.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

The Contagion of Fear.

Affirmation, pure and simple, without reasoning and without proof, is one of the surest means of planting an idea in the popular mind. The more concise it is, the more free from every appearance of proofs and demonstration, the more authority it has. The religious books and the codes of all ages have always proceeded by simple affirmation. Statesmen called upon to defend any political cause and manufacturers advertising their goods know what it is worth. Yet it has no real influence, except it is constantly repeated and so far as possible in the same terms. Napoleon said that repetition was the only serious figure in rhetoric. By repetition an affirmation is instilled in the minds of hoards till they at last accept it as a demonstrated truth. What is called the current of opinion is formed, and then the potent mechanism of contagion comes in. Ideas that have reached a certain stage, in fact, possess a contagious power as intense as that of microbes. Not fear and courage only are contagious. Ideas are, too, on condition that they are repeated often enough.

When the mechanism of contagion has begun to work, the idea enters upon the phase that leads to success. Opinion, which repelled it at first, ends by tolerating and then accepting it. The idea henceforward gains a penetrating and subtle force which sends it onward, while at the same time creating a sort of special atmosphere, a general way of thinking.—Popular Science Monthly.

One of the Three.

A bold and fearless statement was made in this column a few days ago touching beauty. It was put forth that there were only three actresses on earth who could lay an honest claim to beauty. "Clara M." writes that her curiosity has been aroused and wants to know who the three are. Now, it would be very ungrateful to say. The statement has all the attributes in the world guessing, and until the name of the three are mentioned each of our footlight favorites will believe she is one of them. Why spoil their fun? What is the use of calling names to make people feel injured and slighted and misunderstood? I do not doubt that Miss Clara M., if she be an actress, could lay an honest claim to recognition as one of the three.

—New York Press.

Nails and Nailings.

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Automatic Blind Catch

for securing outside blinds.

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Strong, Durable

and never fails to secure the blind in open or closed position. Try them.

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Johnston's Automatic Storm Sash Pastener.

THE BEST THING

of its kind now on the market. For sale by the Patentee and Manufacturer,

J. D. JOHNSTON.

70 Pelham Street.

Mid Summer

Clearance Sale.

Miscellaneous.

Furniture.

NO SECRET

IN THIS WOMAN'S CASE.

Mrs. Campbell Wishes Her Letter Published so that the Truth May Be Known.

(Special to our readers.)

Of the thousands of letters received from women all over the world by Mrs. Campbell, not one is given to the public unless by the writer. This is the only letter published.

Established by Mrs. Campbell, not one is given to the public unless by the writer. This is the only letter published.

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THE SOCIABLE GAME.

BOSTON SOCIETY'S RADICAL INNOVATIONS AT POKER.

Decks of Sixty Cards and "Hingdoodle."

Among the New Features—Sympathy For Losers and Luncheon With "A Wee Nip" For All—The Little Kitty.

Could the late Minister Schenck, who gave to the world during his diplomatic life a treatise on the fascinating American game, attend a modern poker party he would certainly declare that the world has moved backward, in one respect at least.

Very few people outside certain circles of the Back Bay have any conception of the extent to which poker playing is carried in that section. The whole locality is divided into "sets," and it is customary for each one to hold a session at his or her house nearly every night in the week.

The usual hour for beginning play is 8 o'clock, and it is customary for the ladies to dress for the occasion, while the gentlemen not infrequently array themselves in full evening costume.

The standard limit is 10 cents, one reason for making it so small being that the conventional shall not feel that they are gambling. It is frequently remarked by this one and that one that they have not come out for the purpose of making anything—only to have a social time. This statement appears somewhat incongruous when placed side by side with the look of attention that is noticeable when a good sized jackpot is taken.

Another feature of society poker is the great amount of sympathy expressed for the players when the cards are running badly and they have been called upon to interview the bank for the fifth or sixth time. The heaviest dealers in sympathy are those who have the largest stock of chips before them. It does not cost anything, and it is belloyed by the ones who peddle it out that it will improve the odds with a belief that they are not generous. But a careful observer will notice as the game progresses that the unlucky one is always raised by those who believe they have the best hands, notwithstanding the size of their stack.

This is called poker table sympathy and is as shallow and meaningless as much of the talk heard among society people.

Generally there are three hours of play, after which the hostess asks her guests to a light repast, consisting of sandwiches, crackers, cheese and sweetmeats. Bottled beer is the favorite beverage, but there are instances on record where something stronger has been indulged in. A great many society people of both sexes drink rum punch, homemade dished with whiskey and plain gin.

The usual time devoted to refreshments is 15 minutes, as all are anxious to get at the cards again.

Now the peculiar features of society poker, which are contrary to the "formal" presented by the late Minister Schenck, are novel and numerous, and while they are readily accepted by ninetenths of those who play just for the fun of the thing, yet the other tenth is unalterably opposed to them, but, acting in accordance with the principle that the majority should rule, all efforts to have the game rid of them have been abortive.

The most point that the small minority experiences in playing the evolved game is when the 60 card decks are brought in. It frequently happens that seven or eight players are present at a sitting, and when everybody "stays" the cards fall short, which necessitates gathering up the "dead wood" and filling out the hands from it. There is a well grounded superstition that these discarded cards have been robbed of everything of value, and that to draw from them is equivalent to throwing the chips into a red-hot stove. To in a measure meet these exigencies 11 and 12 spot cards have been added, making the pack consist of 60 cards instead of 62. These who have been accustomed to play at the clubs, where the game still retains all its Schenckian purity, have a chill when they find these obtrusive cards are to confront them.

Another innovation is the "ringdoodle." Where the word originated is a mystery fully as deep as the practice it designates.

A ringdoodle is declared when a hand has been called and four are shown. Then follows a round of jack pots, the holder of the winning hand starting them. Blue chips are put up to correspond with the number of players. Of course this makes a heavy drain on the stacks which have been lowered through the evening by 11 and, and if the owner of one of these happens to be an opponent of the ringdoodle, he goes off on a long dissertation on how the game was once played. Of course a round of jack pots would be equivalent to a ringdoodle, but it comes easier to some players to pay on the installment plan.

It has now become the custom to make a discount of one red chip for every jack pot. Although this is a pretty heavy rake off, yet it all comes back to the players just before the wind up for the evening.

When time has crept on toward midnight, the keeper of the kitty announces that a round of consolation jacks will be played. The chips are divided into a number of piles corresponding with the number of players, and the extras are placed in the center of the table with the individual contributions.

When society plays poker, there is always a big supply of cards on hand. If luck runs badly for a player a new pack is demanded, but it is rarely fortune changes her plans. She names the unfortunate one before the game starts, and no form of device will bring about an alteration in her programme.—Boston Herald.

A strenuous seal hates cheap success. It is the odor of the assailant that makes the vigor of the defendant.—Emerson.

Grass.

"I wish you would put your name down for \$10 to this subscription," said "Grass" to the poet.

"Grass" said nothing. "I put it down for nothing," said "Grass" to the poet.

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Woman's Dep't.

Women Suffrage Manifesto.

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